

## Daily Eagle

## THE FEAST OF BARMECIDE.

I saw a banquet, many guests were there  
Who sat beside the board and made as though  
They ate rich meats and drank red wine—and lot  
When I came near and looked, the board was  
bare.

But still they revelled, lifting high in air  
Their empty glasses, seeming not to know  
The truth. With flashing eyes and cheeks aglow  
They sang of Love, the conqueror of care.

Is not the feast Lord Love himself hath spread  
For those and me as immortals? For all men  
Who know him it is really wine and bread  
We drink and eat at this our feast?

Ah, Love! What matters it, so we are fed—  
If we believe so, faith alone for us.

—Sydney Herbert Person in The Journalist.

## A NEAT SCHEME.

Business was rather dull in Wall street one September a few years back. There had been a dearth of speculative movement, most of the large operators were still enjoying their vacations, and the market was a little flat, belonging to the initiated that a couple of hundred perspiring and shouting mortals who pass by the name of "room traders." As these gentlemen, however, under such circumstances usually engage in transactions which may easily be compared to swamping jackets, it can be understood that there was little in the condition of the market to gratify those brokers who depend upon public patronage for their commissions and profits.

Mr. Frank Saffron accordingly set in his front office, and though outwardly philosophical in appearance and conversational, inwardly over the fact that he had nothing to do. Not an order had reached him in several days. He had wandered disconsolately over to the board only to find the "traders" affixed "swamping" another for "rights" and coming back to his office, found no better equipment than reading the newspaper. It might be remarked that under ordinary circumstances Mr. Saffron's yearly profits averaged upward of \$50,000, but he nevertheless found himself meditating as to whether he should reduce expenses by giving up his yacht or his horse.

This unpleasant train of thought was however averted by the opening of the office door, and the entrance of a stranger. He was a man of tall stature and powerful frame, and a pair of keen blue eyes, and hair and side whiskers which, originally brown, seemed to have become prematurely gray. He was attired, though the weather was warm, in an ill fitting, double breasted frock coat of dark material, and wore on his head a felt hat with a high crown and broad brim, his general appearance corresponding, as Mr. Saffron noted, to that of a prosperous western business man.

"Is this Mr. Saffron?" said the stranger, in a loud, hearty voice.

"That is my name," replied Saffron, rising.

"An old friend of yours," resumed the stranger, "Mr. Halstead, who lives out our way, recommended me to you. My name is Coit—Homer N. Coit, of Omaha."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Coit," said Saffron, taking the stranger's outstretched hand and remembering the former client whose name was mentioned, and who, having come to grief in the market, had followed the sage advice about going west. "What can I do for you?"

"Well," was the reply, "I am here in New York, partly for business and partly for pleasure. I'm in the lumber trade out my way, and there are some big contracts to be let here, so I am looking after them. Now I've always wanted to try my hand at stocks, and as Halstead spoke so well of you, I thought I'd come down and put up a little money, and see if I couldn't knock my expenses out of this game of yours. What's the ante, anyway?"

Under ordinary circumstances Saffron would have required a more formal identification of a prospective customer. He was, however, somewhat taken by the westerner's frank, hearty manner, and, as he was later to draw a pocketbook from the breast of his coat, that the custom of the west was for the deposit of margin equal to 10 per cent on the par value of the stocks carried for a customer's account.

"That's all right," said Mr. Coit, unfolding a roll of bills, which Saffron could see were of large denominations. "Here's \$10,000 in currency. You see I expected to be moving around between here and Boston, and Philadelphia, and not caring to be bothered with bank drafts, brought the stuff with me. By the way," added he, "perhaps it is dangerous for me to carry a lot of loose money around with me. Could I put it all up with you, and have you check it to me as I want any?"

Saffron saw no objection to this, and Mr. Coit accordingly transferred about a thousand dollars more into the hands of his banker, and, replacing his pocketbook in its place with a check, Mr. Coit, it proved to ask what could be done in the market.

Now, although dullness reigned through Wall street, there were some stocks which Saffron thought might in a little while yield a fair return to a patient speculator, and Mr. Coit accepted his advice, he strolled over to the exchange, and bought five hundred of the shares in question for the first time, which the westerner, who had given a quiet up-town hotel as his address, took his departure.

A week or so passed, during which the market became more active, and prices underwent a decided advance, the stock in which Mr. Coit had invested his margin was invested sharing in the rise to the extent of four or five points, thus justifying Saffron's opinion of it. Coit had neither been seen nor heard from, but one morning he made his appearance, explaining that he had taken a run over to Boston on business connected with his lumber contracts. He was pleased with the success of his speculation, and at once agreed with Saffron's advice to take his profit, which amounted to nearly \$1,500, and to sell a few hundred shares of another stock in which Mr. Saffron anticipated there would be a decline.

"I think," said the westerner, when this was done, "I had better have a little money, as my cash is running low. Suppose you give me a hundred and fifty."

"Why, certainly," said Saffron, "give Mr. Coit a check, Wilson."

A few moments later Saffron's chief clerk, Mr. Wilson, handed Coit a check for the amount in question drawn to the order of the National Bank of the New Netherlands, with the remark that if he would endorse it they would send to the bank and get him the amount in currency.

"Suppose you let the messenger and have him send me your bank," said Coit, artlessly. "I shall keep your drawing checks for me all the time, and if I can get them cashed it will save you trouble."

Wilson saw no harm in this arrangement, and so Coit accompanied a clerk to the Bank of the New Netherlands, and was introduced to the paying teller of that institution as Mr. Homer N. Coit, in whose favor the check was drawn, and accordingly obtained his money.

For some time Coit was a frequent visitor at Saffron's office, spending sufficient time on each occasion to make himself familiar with the office and all its occupants, to whom his hearty western ways afforded more or less amusement. He made frequent use of the telephone in the office to communicate with parties with whom he said he was negotiating in regard to his lumber contracts. At the same time his speculations progressed favorably on the whole. He showed himself to be conservative, yet at the same time Saffron's advice, and though once or twice he met with slight losses, he took them good naturedly. His docility was rewarded with

further profits to a considerable amount, so that Mr. Saffron, who prided himself on his judgment concerning the market, and his success in steering his customers through its numerous quagmires, was genuinely pleased.

"I tell you," he remarked, in a moment of confidence, "the people who lose money in Wall street are those who think they know something, when they are uninitiated greenhorns. Now, Coit, you do know the western country and the railroads. But you are willing to take advice on the immediate condition of the market, and not completely to follow it, so you see you have made money where others generally drop it. I guess you are about \$3,000 ahead of this 'game,' as you called it when you first came here. At the same time I am satisfied, for I have made money in the way of commissions out of you than if you had been losing your money the way ordinary lambs do."

Coit took the compliment with his usual modesty, and a few moments later told the chief clerk that he wanted some more money. He had been drawing such sums as he needed from time to time, receiving checks for them, which he usually took and had cashed at the Bank of the New Netherlands itself. On this occasion the amount he desired was larger than usual, being something over \$1,000; but, of course, in the condition of Coit's account, his request was complied with, and a check promptly handed to him.

Soon after this, Coit announced in his usual calm and collected manner, that the business which brought him to New York, and was about to return to his western home. He found the money he had placed in Saffron's hands was needed in his business, but, in a short time he hoped to be able to start a little account again, and conduct it by telephone. His account was accordingly closed, and a check given for the balance, which, in spite of all the drafts made upon it, was larger than the amount he had originally placed in his broker's hands.

A few days passed, and Coit made his appearance one morning with a value in his hand which he said, left in his pocket, but having some final business to attend to down town he had called in to say good-bye to his Wall street friends.

"By the way," he remarked, looking at his watch, "there is one man I wanted to see, and now I am too late to go to his place. Can I talk to him over your telephone?"

Permission was readily accorded, and Coit passed some minutes in the little booth in close proximity to the telephone. All that was heard was therefore the usual amount of signaling, and considerable talking by Coit, who, however, came out in a little while, declaring that the instrument did not work, and that he would therefore have to see his man after all. He therefore shook hands with the broker, and receiving his wishes for a pleasant journey hastened away, not without some regret on Saffron's part, who was naturally sorry to lose so successful and profitable a customer.

A few moments later a clerk from the Bank of the New Netherlands hurriedly entered Saffron's office, with an inquiry as to whether he had that morning drawn a check in favor of Homer N. Coit for forty thousand and odd dollars, numbered about one hundred figures higher than his checks of the preceding day, produced at the same time the slip of paper which in all respects was a perfect duplicate of the checks Saffron used, and with his own signature so perfectly imitated that only the fact that he had signed no such document convinced him it was a forgery.

"It is a forgery," he finally gasped. "Did you pay it?"

"Luckily not. It was presented by a young man, whom this Mr. Coit introduced as his son, and who lately came several times with large checks, which were all right. The paying teller, however, had some doubts about paying as large an amount as this, and the young man suggested telephoning you to see if it was all right. The teller called you up, but just as he commenced to ask about the telephone broke down, and he couldn't talk to you. When he said to the young man that he had better get some one here to come down and look at the check behind him, and I've been sent to see about it."

"It is mighty lucky for the bank," said Saffron, "as the loss on a forged check would have been chargeable for my negligence in letting an outsider use my telephone, for evidence Coit timed himself to be at the instrument when the bank called me up, and said it was all right."

The chief clerk here remembered that Coit had inquired who their stationer was, and on inquiry it was ascertained that on pretense of having an outsider use my telephone, for evidence Coit timed himself to be at the instrument when the bank called me up, and said it was all right."

"Well," said Saffron, "I've learned not to accept a customer without a personal introduction, and as for the telephone, the best service it ever did me was when it broke down."—Gavin Fendler in Once a Week.

## CONQUERING A LASTING PEACE.

Stokely met, during one of his travels in the Danubian region, with an English Quaker lady, who had a daughter married in some town where he was quarantined, and who used to lecture him on the sinfulness of war.

The Quakeress, indeed, made a considerable impression upon him, and he felt much admiration for her fidelity to Christian principle. Hence he derived a high esteem for Quakeresses, whom he pronounced "most wonderful." He liked old American ladies better than young ones, but his special aversion was "the starchy, stuck up British peeresses, who clippity-clapped their words and was half clothed by her's."

He was not a stranger to the existence and aims of a Peace society. Once, in a conversation with an English journalist, he said: "You must not publish this or I shall be called a barbarian by the Peace society; but I hold it is a principle in Asia that the duty of peace is in direct proportion to the slaughter you inflict upon the enemy. The harder you hit them, the longer they will be quiet afterwards. We killed nearly 20,000 Turks at the assault, we killed 8,000 of both sides, and I had heard that the survivors will not soon forget the lesson."

Such words and such deeds show, at least, the horrible influences of war, and its tendency to brutalize all men, even those in whom, as in Stokely, there may have been manifest a measure of sincere appreciation of the things which peace and humanity and justice stand for.

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## IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

## A TRAVELER'S TROUBLES IN THE CULINARY DEPARTMENT.

The Cook and Her "Gift" With-out Number at the Hotel—"San Juan" Inn—Immense—A Guatemalan Kitchen—Coffee and Chocolate.

It is said that he who comes to Central America and relies on the "tortilla" will remain in the country, and he who does not will leave. From my own experience with the corn cake, I have concluded that the emigrants who settled must have been very hungry. The Central American cook is usually an Indian woman, who can boil eggs and cook rice. She has heard of such things as apples and pears, but she never lets any meat go to the table unless swimming in a large gravy. All the meat left from today which she does not eat for her own family she cuts into meat balls for tomorrow. At first one can eat such things as rice, but with a plate of "tortillas," which she likes herself. The dinner is poorer, and having by that time got a fair start on meat, she commences on meat balls. Many times a day you think you will change cooks, but the thought of him over your telephone "tortilla" restrains you. As time rolls on you see but two courses open to you, either to sink into a dyspeptic's grave or let her go with the money, and any sane man would let her go. It is a lottery, in which you pay for the chance of drawing a cook. The more you draw, the more in ordinary lotteries; so avoid the speculation, and have a little less worry at a hotel. The proprietress then shoulders the trouble, and he is a fortunate man if it be the excellence of his table that assures him guests, and not the guest's choice is one between evils.

This of course does not apply to the hotels of the largest cities, such as Guatemala, which are excellent, but it does refer to some, which are not specified, as I may want to return to some day, and find the new and larger hotels. There are fries and steaks and hash without number. The "olla podrida" is a dish made of everything eatable that might otherwise be thrown away. Meat, fish, sausage, prunes, raisins, onions, cabbage and every other vegetable that may be on hand is put into the pot to boil, and the result is not so bad as when the cook's attention is centered on one particular article, and in the "podrida" the different constituents may be said to "get off easy" with only a share of her attention.

What would a New England house-keeper say if she saw one of these kindred? A neat trench holds a chicken, corn, and on this stand the pots and kettles. The light enters only at one door; there is no outlet for smoke, and the accumulation of years has formed layers of soot on the rafters and walls, and I cannot find it in my heart to blame the poor cooks if they do form a constituent of every dish.

When the traveler is directed to go to the town of San Juan he cannot always be sure that he will reach the right one. In a radius of fifty miles, there may be three or four San Juans, and the names are they that these towns are given names, such as San Juan de los Rios, San Juan de los Rios, San Juan de los Rios, etc. So it is with the name Don Juan. Leaving home, where "Don Juan" may be qualified to use my telephone, for evidence Coit timed himself to be at the instrument when the bank called me up, and said it was all right."

Strangers visiting the coffee growing country soon perceive that they drink more coffee than the natives. There is an unusually delicious flavor and aroma to the Guatemalan coffee, which is due to its preparation. Because the French or "drip" coffee is universally used. It is not made for each meal as in private residences in the United States, but an intensely strong essence is obtained by pouring a little boiling water through a large quantity of coffee.

About one-half of an inch of the essence is poured into the bottom of an ordinary coffee cup, which is then filled with hot milk, producing a better drink than had more water been used, and, indeed, it is the custom in some families to use no water but to pour boiling milk through the ground coffee. A native woman for \$1 will manufacture from the "cacao" berry ten pounds of chocolate in a day. The berry is roasted with great care in removing the shell, because the slightest over-burning ruins the flavor of the chocolate. The meat while warm is ground between stones with the proper quantities of sugar, vanilla and cinnamon. When reduced to a pulp a little "achote" (a red vegetable) is added, which gives a brown color to the chocolate, and the mixture is then placed in thin layers between sheets of "petate" (native matting) and beaten flat with clubs. On cooling it acquires the brittleness of chocolate and is then ready to be eaten. This is a crude way of making chocolate, and the Guatemalan "cacao," the French product, due to its excellent manipulation, far surpasses it in richness and delicacy.—Guatemala Cor. New York Times.

## THE CARMEN OF PARIS.

Abuse of Horseflesh in the French Capital—Need of a Henry Bergh.

That Paris is "a paradise for women and a hell for horses" is an old saying, the truth of which, as far as its latter half is concerned, is painfully visible every hour in the day. The public cab service in this city is simply awful, and I often wish that I could kick some of them or give them a good punching. Cabmen are, of course, a necessary class of fellows, but most of them treat the public in a way that should not be tolerated. On Sundays, if it is a fine day, it is difficult to find one who will consent to take a fare by the hour; it is even harder to find one who will drive "a la course," that is when you want to go to any distant part of the city. If you appeal to a policeman he will say that he can only compel cabmen who are at a stand or whose vehicles are standing still to take up fares. Knowing this, cabmen keep off the stands and usually, when hailed, do not come to a full stop until they have ascertained where the person

who calls for a cab is going, and then they will stop. The cabmen are, of course, a necessary class of fellows, but most of them treat the public in a way that should not be tolerated. On Sundays, if it is a fine day, it is difficult to find one who will consent to take a fare by the hour; it is even harder to find one who will drive "a la course," that is when you want to go to any distant part of the city. If you appeal to a policeman he will say that he can only compel cabmen who are at a stand or whose vehicles are standing still to take up fares. Knowing this, cabmen keep off the stands and usually, when hailed, do not come to a full stop until they have ascertained where the person

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